



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

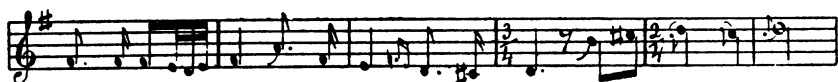
JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## FOLK-SONGS.

BY C. M. BARBEAU.

I. THE SAILOR BOY.<sup>1</sup>

*It was ear---ly, — ear----ly, — ear---ly in the spring, — Me*



*love and I — went to serve — the king. The night [had] been*



*storm---y, and the wind bl[ow] high, Which part---ed me —*



*and my sai-----lor boy. "O fa----ther, — fa----ther!"*



*get me a boat; — For it's on the o-----cean I will*



*float, And watch the French fleet — [while it*



*sails by]; And [there I must] in quire — for — my — sai---lor boy."*

<sup>1</sup> Recorded in September, 1917, at Tadousac, Quebec, from Edward Hovington, aged 90, formerly a lumber-jack and canoe-man in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. While Hovington's father was a Scotch-Canadian, his mother—named Auclair—was a French-Canadian from Beauce County, P.Q. Among his large repertory of French ballads and songs, Hovington happened to remember a few English or American ones, which we are presenting here. Hovington learned "The Sailor Boy" over seventy years ago, while spending the winter at Sept-Iles, Quebec, from an old-country Irishman named Patrick McGouch, a laborer, who knew a large number of songs. (Phonograph record No. 447, Victoria Museum, Ottawa.) (Compare p. 162.)

It was early, early in the spring,  
 Me love and I went to serve the King.  
 The night [had] been stormy, and the wind bl[ew] high,  
 Which parted me and my sailor boy.

"O father, father! get me a boat;  
 For it's on the ocean I will float,  
 And watch the French fleet [while it sails by];  
 [There I must] inquire for my sailor boy."

I had not sailed far on to the deep  
 Till a French frigate I chanced to meet.  
 "Come, tell me, tell me, my jovial crew!  
 Is my love Jummy on board with you?" —

"Oh, no, dear lady! he is not here;  
 For he was drowned not far from here.  
 'Twas [near] that green island, as we pass by.  
 'Tis there we lost your fine sailor boy."

She wrung her hands and [tore] her hair  
 Like a virgin that falls into despair.  
 Her little boat began to *rake* around.  
 "What shall I do when my Jimmy is gone?"

"Come, all [the] young ladies dressed in black,  
 And all the young sailors dressed in blue!  
 And the sail tip toppers all dressed in blue!  
 For 'tis now w'll mourn for my sailor boy!"

## 2. AN AMERICAN FRIGATE.<sup>1</sup>

The musical notation is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a tempo marking of ♩ = 78. The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The second and third staves continue the melody and lyrics. The lyrics are: "An A-mer-i-can frig-ate, Called [B]ridg-et by name, Mount-ed guns for-ty-four, And from New-York she came For a cruise in the".

An A-mer-i-can frig-ate, Called [B]ridg-

et by name, Mount-ed guns for-ty-four, And

from New-York she came For a cruise in the

<sup>1</sup> From Edward Hovington, who learned it in the Chicoutimi lumber-camps, seventy-three years ago, from a middle-aged American workman, whose sister was married to Fabien Boulianne, a Canadian living at Tadousac. (Phonograph record No. 449, Victoria Museum, Ottawa.)



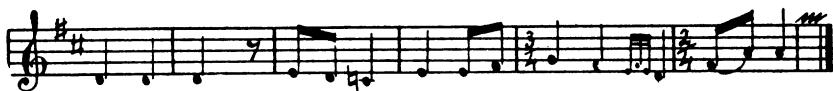
*Chan-nel of Old Eng-----land's fame. [Proud was] its*



*no-----ble command-----er;— Paul J[oh]nes was he*



*named. We — had not sailed to-geth-er long—Be-fore two*



*sails we spied. A large for-ty ---- four And a twen--ty.....*

NOTE. — The zigzag sign at the end means "etc." in music script.

An American frigate,  
 Called "Rich[ard]"<sup>1</sup> by name,  
 Mounted guns forty-four,  
 From New York *she* came  
 For a cruise in the Channel  
 Of Old England's fame.  
 [Proud was] its noble commander;  
 Paul Jo[nes] was he named.

We had not sailed together long  
 Before two sails we spied, —  
 A large forty-four  
 And a twenty likewise;  
 And fifty bright ships  
 In were loaded with stores.  
 The convoys stood in  
 For the old Yorkshire shore.

At twelve the next day  
 We came alongside.  
 What a loud-speaking trumpet  
 Whence came [what she] cried:  
 "Come and serve me quick!  
 I'll hail you no more;  
 Or else a broadside  
 Into you I'll pour."

<sup>1</sup> We have been informed at the last moment that the text here refers to "Bonhomme Richard."

We fought four glasses,  
 Four glasses so hard,  
 Till forty sailor men  
 Were dead on the spot;  
 And fifty-five more  
 Lay bleeding, while  
 The thundering loud cannon  
 From Paul Jo[nes] did roar.

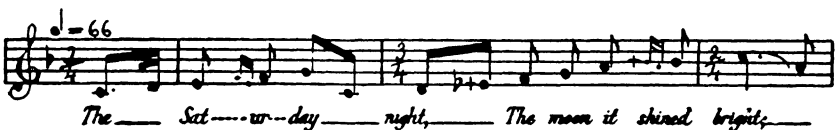
Our carpenter being frightened,  
 To Paul Jo[nes] he s[aid],  
 "Our ship, she leaks water  
 Since fighting to-day."  
 And Paul Jo[nes] made answer  
 In the height of his pride,  
 "If we can do no better,  
 W'll sink alongside!"

The "Capress"<sup>1</sup> went around  
 Our ship for to rake;  
 Which made the proud heart  
 Of the English to wake.  
 For the shot flew so hot,  
 We could not stand it long,  
 Till the bold British colors  
 For the English came down.

"Oh, now, me brave boys!  
 We have taken a rich prize, —  
 A *launch* forty-four,  
 And twenty likewise,  
 And fifty bright ships  
 In well-loaded with stores,  
 For to convoy  
 To the Yorkshire shore."

Lord help the poor mother  
 That ha[s] risen for to weep!  
 For the last of her sons  
 Lays in the fathomless deep!

### 3. OVER THE MOUNTAINS.<sup>2</sup>



<sup>1</sup> An English frigate.

<sup>2</sup> Sung by E. Hovington, Tadousac, who learned it from an English sailor seventy-two years ago. (Phonograph record No. 448, Victoria Museum, Ottawa.)



*I first took a no-tion to mar-ry. I put on me hat, a-way I did go—*

*— You think I'd be in a hur-ry When I drew to the*

*place Where she of-ten had been! Me heart gave a bounce When my charmer I*

*saw; But I took off me hat And I bade her good----day. [Would you come]*

*with me o-ver the moun-tains?" — "Oh! what a no--tion is this You have got in*

*your head? I'm glad to see you soon mar-ry." — "Oh! it — is*

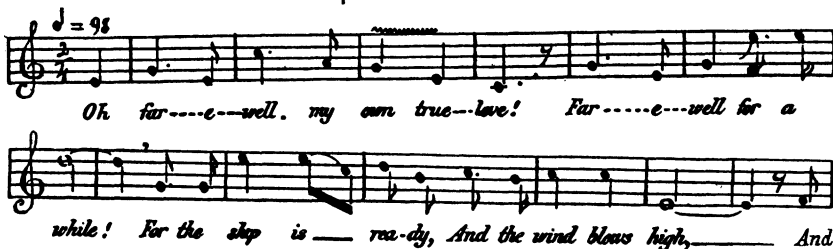
*twelve o'clock, And we should be in bed." — "Speak class, or mam-a will hear you!"*

The Saturday night,  
 The moon it shined bright;  
 I first took a notion to marry.  
 I put on me hat, away I did go  
 You think I'd be in a hurry  
 When I drew to the place  
 Where she often had been!  
 Me heart gave a bounce  
 When my charmer I saw;  
 But I took off me hat  
 And I bade her good-day.

"[Would you come] with me over the mountains?" —  
 "Oh! what a notion is this

You have got in your head?  
 I'm glad to see you soon marry." —  
 "Oh! it is twelve o'clock,  
 And we should be in bed." —  
 "Speak close, or mama will hear you!" —  
 "Oh! but just right, it is [now] time;  
 We courted a year; I think it will do.  
 And before I go to bed  
 I'll get married with you,  
 If you wander with me over the mountains." —

"Oh! if I had any love with you,  
 It might be with pride,  
 It might be with wonder.  
 [But] my parents . . .  
 Will swear revenge on me,  
 My parents with pr[ide]" . . .  
 "Oh! but let them, let them  
 Talken and talken away.  
 Consult with yourself,  
 For 'tis very near day.  
 I don't care a fig  
 What the whole of them says,  
 If I once had you over the mountains." —  
 "Oh! but now I'll reserve,  
 For at home I will stay.  
 I think it's *much* and better." —  
 "Oh, well! Farewell again,  
 My love! I'm away,  
 For that puts an end to the matter." —  
 "Oh, stop, stop for a moment,  
 Till I get my shoes!" —  
 Me heart gave a bounce  
 When I hea[rd] the glad news.  
 And she drew to the lad.  
 "I hope you will excuse  
 My sensibility, over the mountains!"

4. MARY ANN.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Edward Hovington, Tadousac, our informant, learned this song about seventy years ago from an Irish sailor whom a colonel had brought with him from Quebec, on board his yacht. (Phonograph record No. 447, Victoria Museum, Ottawa.)



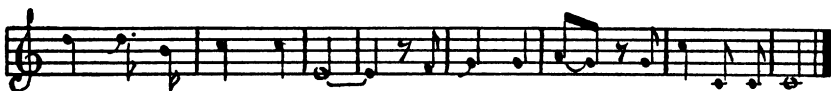
*I am bound — a-way For the sea, Ma---ry Ann; And I am*



*bound — a---way For the sea, Ma---ry Ann. Oh, don't you see [the]*



*dove, you know, Her sit-ting on yon-der — stile, La-ment-ing the*



*loss Of her own true--love? And so am I — for you, Ma-ry Ann.*

Farewell, my own true-love!

Farewell for a while!

For the ship is ready,

And the wind blows high,

And I am bound away

For the sea, Mary Ann.<sup>1</sup>

Oh, don't you see [the] dove, you know,

Her sitting on yonder stile,

Lamenting the loss

Of h[er] own true-love?

And so am I for you, Mary Ann.

A lobster in the lobster-pot,

And a bluefish in the brook,

Might suffer some;

But [it] cannot compare

[To what] I bear for you, Mary Ann.

Farewell, my own true-love!

. . . . .<sup>2</sup>

I wish I had a bottle of gin,

Sugar enough for two,

And a great big bowl

For to mix it in,

[And] to make a drink

To my own Mary Ann!

My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann!

Mary Ann, Mary Ann, Mary Ann! [bis]

My dear little own Mary Ann!

<sup>1</sup> The last two lines are repeated twice.

<sup>2</sup> The text of this verse is incoherent.



5. COME, COME!<sup>1</sup>

(Wonder-song for a child.)

*Come, com---e, pret-by maid! Will you come a-round[by] me? Come and*

*take me fa---ther's ---snock. There's a snock, snock, there, There's a snock, snock,*

*there, There's a sno-ke, there's a sno-ke, There is a-noth-er snock there. Come, com--e, pretty*

*maid! Will you come a-round[by] me? Come and take me ---fa---ther's boo.*

Come, come, pretty maid!  
 Will you come around [to] me?  
 Come and take me father's snock.  
 There's a *snock, snock*, there, (bis)  
 There's a *snocke*, there's a *snocke*,  
 There is another *snock* there.

Come, come, pretty maid!  
 Will you come around [to] me?  
 Come and take me father's *boo*.  
 There's a *boo, woo*, there, (bis)  
 There's a *booe*, there's a *booe*,  
 There is another *boo* there.

Come, come, pretty maid!  
 Will you come around [to] me?  
 Come and take me father's *quack*.  
 There's a *quack, quack*, there, (bis)  
 There's a *quacke*, there's a *quacke*,  
 There is another *quack* there.

Come, come, pretty maid!  
 Will you come around [to] me?  
 Come and take me father's *hnff*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Recorded at Tadousac from Edward Hovington, who learned it when a child from his father. (Phonograph record No. 459, Victoria Museum, Ottawa.)

<sup>2</sup> Brief but energetic aspirations through the nose, like snoring.

There's a *hnff*, *hnff*, there, (*bis*)  
 There's a *hnff*, there's a *hnff*,  
 There is another *hnff* there.

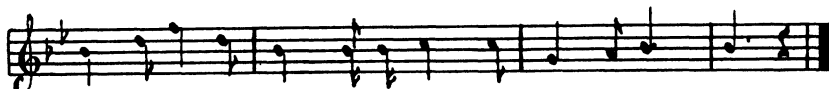
Come, come, pretty maid!  
 Will you come around [to] me?  
 Will you take me father's *quink*?  
 There's a *quink*, *quink*, there, (*bis*)  
 There's a *quinke*, there's a *quinke*,  
 There is another *quink* there.

Come, come, pretty maid!  
 Will you come around [to] me?  
 Come and take me father's *cock*.  
 There's a *cock*, *cock*, there, (*bis*)  
 There's a *cocke*, there's a *cocke*,  
 There is another *cock* there.

#### 6. NUTS IN MAY.<sup>1</sup>

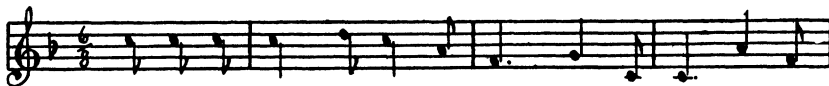


*Here we go gath-ler-ing nuts in May, Nuts in May, nuts in May, Here we go*

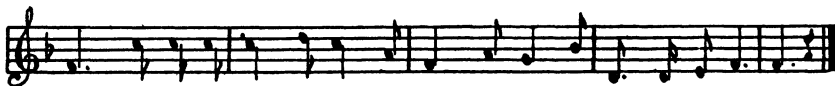


*gath-ler-ing nuts in May, All — on — a Sun-day morn-...ing.  
 On a bright and sun-ny morn-...ing.*

#### 7. THE MULBERRY-BUSH.<sup>2</sup>



*This is the way we go to school, Go to school, go to*



*school, This is the way we go to school, we go to school, in the morn-ing.*

<sup>1</sup> The words of two complete versions of this song have been recorded by Messrs. Waugh and Wintenberg (see pp. 47, 147). We recorded the tune from children on Second Avenue, Ottawa, who were singing it while going through the appropriate motions (June, 1917). The song was also known with slight variants to at least three other Ottawa informants in our vicinity.

<sup>2</sup> Recorded from Miss Ernestine Larocque of Ottawa, Ont., who learned it at school about twenty years ago. Every action spoken of in the different verses was dramatized. Compare p. 54, No. 637.

This is the way we go to school,  
Go to school, go to school,  
This is the way we go to school,  
We go to school, in the morning.

This is the way we wash our hands,  
Wash our hands, etc.

This is the way we wash our face,  
Wash our face, etc.

VICTORIA MUSEUM, OTTAWA.